

# Highlights®

THE MONTHLY BOOK  
for Children

December  
1972

INCLUDING

Children's  
Activities®

fun

with a  
purpose

Hello!



# Highlights

## for Children

Volume 27  
Number 10  
December 1972

This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge in creativity in ability to think and reason in sensitivity to others in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people

President Richard H. Bell  
Co-founder and Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.  
Editor 1884-1971  
Co-founder and Caroline Clark Myers  
Managing Editor Walter B. Barbe, Ph.D.  
Editor Jack Myers, Ph.D.  
Science Editor Paul A. Witty, Ph.D.  
Associate Editors Elizabeth Myers Brown  
Assistant Editors Constance McAllister  
Steve M. Barkin  
Kent L. Brown, Jr.  
William R. Johnson  
Editorial Assistants Ross G. Weber  
Margaret Hook  
Design Consultant Herbert Pinzke  
Staff Artists Jerome Weisman  
Anthony C. Rao  
Elsa Garratt

Highlights for Children, incorporating Children's Activities, is published monthly, except bimonthly June-July and August-September, and semimonthly in December, by HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, INC.

Business Offices: 2300 W. Fifth Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43216  
Editorial Offices: 803 Church St., Honesdale, Pa. 18431

HIGHLIGHTS is sold nationally by bonded representatives. It is not sold on newsstands.

33 Issues (three years)—\$19.95

55 Issues (five years)—\$29.95

Limited Library Edition—\$39.95

33 Issues individually bound

Above prices include Resource/Index issue

Extra postage to Canada \$1.00 per year;  
to foreign countries \$2.00 per year.

Single issues (current or back copies) \$1.00.

Indexes (1963 through 1971) \$1.00 each.  
Send CHANGE OF ADDRESS information, giving old and new addresses (preferably with recent address label), to HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, INC. P.O. Box 269, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Please include your Zip Code number when you write to us. Contributors are invited to send original work of high quality—stories, articles, craft ideas—to HIGHLIGHTS Editorial Offices, Honesdale, Pa. 18431. Editorial requirements and payment schedules on request. Second Class Postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at additional mailing offices.



Copyright © 1972  
Highlights for Children, Inc.  
All rights reserved.

## Stories and Features

- 5 Let's Talk Things Over by Paul A. Witty, Ph.D.
- 6 A Certain Kind of Music by Jacky Jeter
- 9 The Timbertoes by John Gee
- 12 The Bear Family by Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph.D.
- 13 Sammy Spivens by Dorothy Waldo Phillips
- 14 Man of the West by Lucille J. Goodyear
- 16 Danny's Small World by Virginia W. Gasper
- 18 "A Scene on the Ice" descriptive text by Marian King
- 19 "A Scene on the Ice" painting by Hendrick Avercamp
- 20 The House on Apple Lane by Joy Rash
- 22 I Studied African Rhinos by George W. Frame
- 24 Mele Kalikimaka by Gael Gouveia
- 26 Upside Down Turtle by Dorothy Gordon
- 28 Christmas Star by Walter B. Hendrickson, Jr.
- 30 Merry Christmas From Kitty Hawk by Mel Boring
- 32 Our Own Pages
- 33 Letters to the Editor
- 34 Goofus and Gallant by Garry Cleveland Myers
- 35 Jokes
- 36 Benji's Bag of Surprises by Sandra Fenichel Asher
- 37 Riddles
- 41 Story Endings for Almost Always Late by Paul A. Witty

## Verse

3 Merry Christmas to the Birds  
by Garry Cleveland Myers

## Things To Do

- 8 For Wee Folks
- 10 Hidden Pictures by Anne Bell
- 11 Tell the Story
- 27 For Smart Thinkers
- 33 Matching Children's Drawings
- 38 Things To Make for the Holidays  
by James W. Perrin, Jr., and others
- 40 Fun With Phonics
- 42 Headwork

## Awards

### Service

National Association for Gifted Children

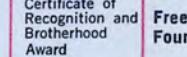
Certificate of Merit



### Safety

National Safety Council

National Safety Council

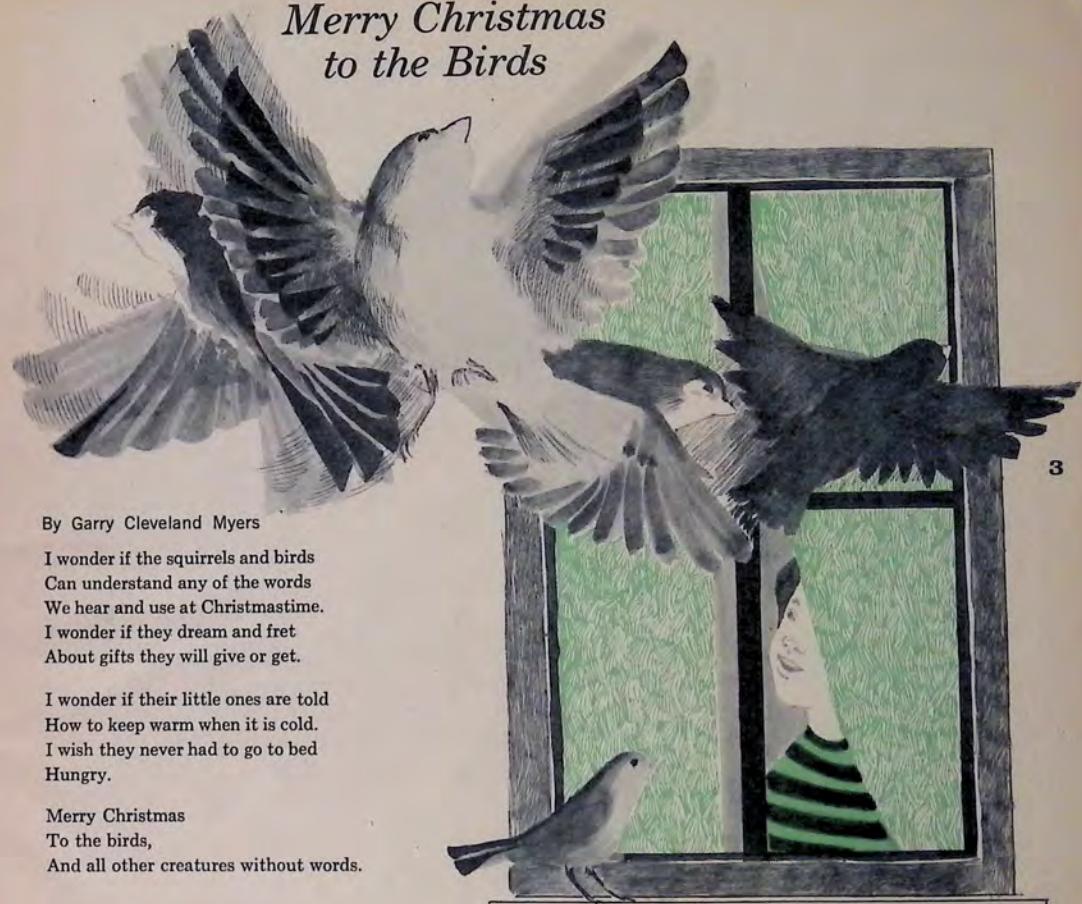


National Conference of Christians and Jews

Certificate of Recognition and Brotherhood Award

For Outstanding Achievement in Bringing About a Better Understanding of the American Way of Life

## Merry Christmas to the Birds



By Garry Cleveland Myers

I wonder if the squirrels and birds  
Can understand any of the words  
We hear and use at Christmastime.  
I wonder if they dream and fret  
About gifts they will give or get.

I wonder if their little ones are told  
How to keep warm when it is cold.  
I wish they never had to go to bed  
Hungry.

Merry Christmas  
To the birds,  
And all other creatures without words.

From Christmas Wishes by Garry Cleveland Myers  
Copyright HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, 1972

## Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these small pictures  
at another place in this book?



## A Guide for Parents and Teachers

4

This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

Page

	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Smiles and Laughter	Moral and Spiritual Values	Poetry, Music, and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
5 Editorial			✓	✓	✓	✓					
6 Kind of Music			✓								
8 For Wee Folks	✓	✓								✓	
9 The Timbertoes	✓	✓			✓						
10 Hidden Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
11 Tell the Story	✓							✓		✓	✓
12 The Bear Family	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓					
13 Sammy Spivens			✓	✓	✓	✓					
14 Man of the West		✓							✓		
16 Danny's Small World		✓	✓								
18 Story of Painting		✓					✓	✓			
19 "A Scene on the Ice"							✓				
20 House on Apple Lane	✓										
22 I Studied Rhinos			✓					✓	✓		
24 Mele Kalikimaka			✓						✓		
26 Upside Down Turtle	✓										
27 For Smart Thinkers	✓	✓							✓		
28 Christmas Star			✓				✓				
30 Kitty Hawk			✓						✓		
32 Our Own Pages	✓	✓								✓	
33 Letters, Matching	✓	✓	✓							✓	✓
34 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				
35 Jokes	✓	✓		✓							
36 Bag of Surprises		✓							✓		
37 Riddles	✓	✓		✓							
38 Things To Make			✓							✓	
40 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓	✓							✓	
41 Story Endings				✓							✓
42 Headwork	✓	✓	✓							✓	
43 Our Own Stories		✓	✓								✓

This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

## What Is Emphasized

### Editorial Advisory Board

**Jay M. Arena**, M.D., Professor of Pediatrics, Duke University Medical Center, Durham, N.C.

**Emmett A. Bettis**, Ph.D., Research Professor, University of Miami, Coral Gables, Fla.

**Martha Boaz**, Ph.D., Dean, School of Library Science, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.

**William H. Bristow**, Ph.D., Director, Bureau of Curriculum Research, Board of Education, City of New York, N.Y.

**Margaret O. Bynum**, Consultant, Services for Exceptional Children, State Department of Education, Atlanta, Ga.

**Adeline Corrigan**, Assistant to Director, in Charge of Branch Libraries, Cleveland Public Library, Cleveland, Ohio

**Rabbi Jerome D. Folkman**, Ph.D., Temple Israel, Columbus, Ohio

**Edward C. Frasier**, Ph.D., Department of Special Education, George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn.

**Mathilda A. Gilles**, Salem, Ore. Past President, Department of Elementary School Principals, N.E.A.

**Anna H. Hayes**, Litt.D., Twin Falls, Idaho Past President, National Congress of Parents and Teachers

**Anne E. Hughes**, Ph.D., Supervisor, Language Education Department, Detroit Public Schools, Detroit, Mich.

**John A. McInnes**, Ed.D., Professor, Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

**Donald H. Menzel**, Ph.D., Professor and former Director, Harvard College Observatory, and Senior Scientist, Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory

**Afton Dill Nance**, Consultant in Elementary Education, State Department of Education, Sacramento, Calif.

**Sister Mary Nila**, D.S.F., formerly Director, Cardinal Cushing Education Clinic, Boston, Mass.

**A. J. Pellettieri**, Ph.D., Director, Reading Clinic and Guidance Center, University of St. Thomas, Houston, Texas

**Paul Popeneo**, Ph.D., Founder and Chairman of The American Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles, Calif.

**Charles L. Rollins**, formerly of the Staff, Chicago Public Library, and author of books for children

**Gladys M. Rossdeutscher**, Pianist and Faculty Member, Eastman School of Music, Rochester, N.Y.

**D. J. Sanders**, D.D.S., formerly Head, Department of Pedodontics, College of Dental Surgery, University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.

**The Very Reverend Francis B. Sayre, Jr.**, Dean, Washington Cathedral, Washington, D. C.

**Sister Mary Barbara Sullivan**, R.S.M., Belmont, N.C., Regional Representative for Southern States and Community Supervisor of Schools, National Catholic Education Association

**E. Paul Torrance**, Ph.D., Professor and Chairman, Educational Psychology, College of Education, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

## Let's Talk Things Over

I shall never forget a story a good friend told me many years ago. He was in Hawaii and was sad and lonely one December morning as he walked toward the beach. Suddenly he heard the beautiful sounds of children's voices. He walked on and soon came to a pier where several children, wearing bright Hawaiian clothing, were gathered. They were seated on the edge of the pier, their feet dangling in the water as they sang. In the streets nearby, small groups of people were also singing to the accompaniment of ukuleles.

The faces of the boys and girls radiated their friendliness, goodwill, and happiness. There were children of many nationalities and backgrounds such as Portuguese, Chinese, and Japanese. Varied religions were also represented in this group. Yet, all these happy children were drawn together by the magic of singing and the pleasure of giving to others.

After about an hour of joyful singing, the members of the group decided to leave. As they were going, each child said, "Aloha." One young boy approached my friend, greeted him with "Aloha," and then gave him a beautiful ginger lei. My friend thanked the boy and asked why the children were carrying so many leis. "The leis are to be gifts," he answered. "We have to go now to have time to visit our friends and give each of them a present." The happy faces of the children reflected their genuine goodwill as well as their joy in giving.

I have often thought of this story as the years have passed and the holidays have become more closely associated with receiving rather than giving.

A young mother told me not long ago that she had attempted to talk with her seven-year-old daughter, Jane, about the true spirit of the holiday season and the joy of giving. Jane listened patiently until it was time to go to school. As she was leaving she called out, "Don't forget that bicycle you promised me." And more recently, a second-grade teacher told me that early in December her class had discussed Christmas, the Feast of Lights, and other festivals around the world. One day she said to her pupils, "Let's make a list of the things we want and the things we plan to give to others on our holiday."

Most of the pupils wanted material things such

as bicycles, radios, clothing, and sports equipment. Among the total number, only a few said that they were planning to show their appreciation for the kindness of certain friends by making gifts for them.

What a better place this world might become if boys and girls more frequently showed goodwill and interest in the welfare of others, as did the bright-faced, happy children in Hawaii! You can start right now to show your own concern for others and look forward to a happier and more rewarding holiday. Why don't you make a list of people to whom a gift—even a flower or a small remembrance—might bring great joy? Look at this list and add to it from time to time. You might also plan some meetings with your neighbors and friends to sing holiday songs. But don't wait until a holiday to be kind, thoughtful, and generous. The spirit of giving should be shown every day, not just once a year. Through your everyday behavior and goodwill you will reap rich rewards and realize that it is better to give than to receive.

*Paul A. Wittig*



5

## A Certain Kind of Music

By Jacky Jeter

Illustrated by Anthony Rao

6

Michael looked up at the sullen December sky. "Why couldn't it have rained in July?" he thought. He began gathering wood while cold rain ran down the back of his neck.

The summer of 1875 had been so dry that the corn had withered in the fields. Now it was almost Christmas, and there was no snow to protect the wheat they had planted. Instead, it rained day after day. Michael brought the wood to the kitchen where Grandma stood making dried-apple pie.

When Michael's mother died, Grandma had come to live with him and his father. Grandma was almost blind. She made pies by feeling the right amount.

"Better get at your studies, Michael," Grandma said. Since the bridge had washed out, the school was closed. "Bring your books to the table. And no singing, no whistling, no tapping or drumming."

There was always a swelling of music inside Michael that came out in everything he did. He chopped wood and hoed rhythmically. He sang and whistled all day. He longed

for an instrument on which to play the melodies that ran through his mind. He could hardly wait until Christmas. He knew just what he wanted. It cost fifty cents.

Michael studied in the kitchen for several hours. Finally he closed his books.

"All through, Michael?" asked Grandma. "Your pa plans to speak to you about Christmas. We'll just have the tree this year. Your pa feels badly about it. Try to pretend for his sake it doesn't matter."

Michael felt a hard lump in his throat. "Grandma, I just wanted one thing—a harmonica. It's only fifty cents. I saw it in the peddler's wagon."

Grandma answered, "Michael, we can have a good Christmas without presents."

"Isn't there anything that you wish for so badly that you can't think of much else?" Michael asked.

"Sometimes," said Grandma, "I wish I could hold my Bible again."

"But you gave it away."

"That poor woman needed it worse than I did," replied Grandma, thinking of the couple who buried their child and moved farther west.

"But you couldn't read it," protested Michael.

"I could hold it."

Michael pulled on his jacket. "I'd better get at the chores," he said. "It's all right. I'll tell Pa."

He whistled as he left the house, but there was no joy inside him.

Late one evening Michael and his father went for a tree. On the way home his father said, "I want to talk to you, Michael."

"I know," said Michael. "Grandma told me. No Christmas presents. It's all right. I don't care."

Michael felt his father's firm hand grip his shoulder. That was all, but he felt warm inside.

"Your grandma says you're fond of a harmonica you saw in the peddler's wagon."

"Oh, that's just kid stuff," said Michael. "I didn't really want it." He tried to speak lightly.

"Hold on, now," said his father. "You still have fifty cents from the pig you raised and sold last spring. You could buy your own gift."

Day after day the rains fell. More of the roads washed away. The river rose higher. And Michael knew with certain hopelessness that the ped-

dler and his wagon would not arrive.

But two days before Christmas, his father came in early. "Michael," he said, shaking the rain from his hat, "I got word that the peddler has stopped by the Jensen farm. If you were to take the long way around the river, you could be back by night."

Michael sprang for his jacket.

"Be careful," warned his father. "And don't try to cross the river. Promise?"

"I promise," called Michael, and he ran from the house and into the rain.

With the bridge out, it took hours to get to the Jensen farm. By the time Michael got there, his breath was coming in gasps.

The peddler laughed. "No need to have run so hard. I'll be staying the night here."

"The harmonica?" gasped Michael. "Have you sold it?"

"No. Here it is."

Michael stuffed it under his jacket and paid the peddler. Then he hesitated. "Do you have Bibles?"

The peddler took a box from a shelf in his cart. "Here are some expensive ones and some pocket-size for 45 cents."

"I—I just wondered," stammered Michael. He turned and fled into the rain.

When he got back, his father admired the shiny harmonica, and Grandma ran her finger over it, but Michael couldn't bring himself to play it. "Tomorrow is Christmas Eve," he said. "I'll play it then."

It was still raining the next morning. At breakfast Grandma said, "I thought we'd be awakened with real music this morning. I'm so happy you got your wish."

Something twisted inside Michael. "Grandma, I'll be back in a little while. Tell Pa."

"Where are you going, Michael?"

But Michael had slammed the door and was running down the road.

The river was higher now. Angry torrents of water rushed over the banks. If only the bridge hadn't washed away! Ahead a huge tree had been uprooted and lay across the raging water. Michael took a deep breath and edged himself out onto the tree, his legs straddling the huge trunk. Slowly, inch by inch, he made his way across the raging river to the opposite bank.

The tree was still there to use when he returned from the Jensen farm. But as he was pulling himself up the riverbank, he heard a sucking roar. He turned and saw the bank crumble under the huge tree roots. The massive tree itself was carried down the river.

His father was waiting for him when he got back. "Where've you been, Michael?" he asked in a voice that was too quiet.

"I went back to the Jensen farm," Michael answered, looking at his feet.

"Did you cross the river on that fallen tree?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you keep your word?" His father was angry.

Michael brought out a small package from underneath his shirt. "The peddler would have gone."

His father looked at the package for a long time. "I should take my belt to you," he said at last, "and I will if you ever do something like that again."

That evening as they sat by the Christmas tree, Michael placed the package in his grandmother's lap. She unwrapped it and ran her fingers over it. Tears sprang to her eyes.

"Thank you, Michael," she whispered. "I wondered why I never heard your harmonica."

"You can tell what it is, can't you?" asked Michael anxiously.

"It's a Bible," said Grandma. She thumbed through the pages. "When I was a child, I spake as a child . . ."

Michael leaned over her shoulder. She wasn't really reading.

Grandma continued, ". . . and now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Michael turned suddenly to the window as a new music rose and swelled within him.

"Look, Pa," he said softly. "It's snowing."



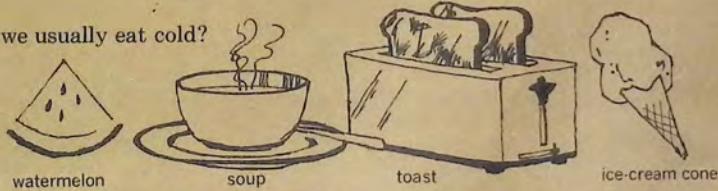
## For Wee Folks

Which are happy? Sad?

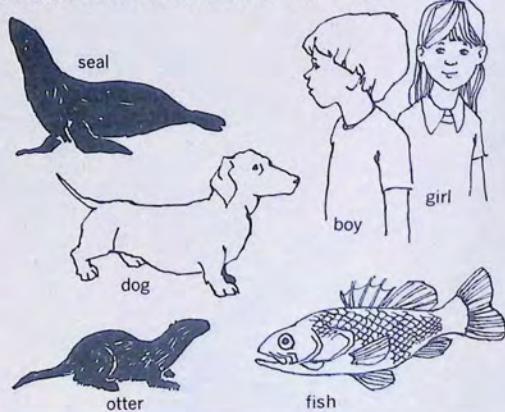


8

Which do we usually eat cold?  
Eat hot?



Which can swim without being taught?



At which times do you usually wear your best clothes?

your birthday party  
playing outdoors  
climbing trees  
on an airplane trip  
at a party  
working in the garden  
scrubbing the porch floor  
raking leaves  
going to a concert  
at church or synagogue  
when there is a dinner guest  
at your home  
when you have your picture taken

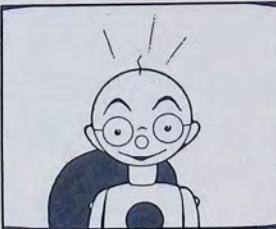
★ Short thinking features to read to and discuss with the young child.

## THE TIMBERTOES

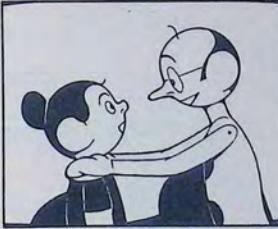
by John Gee



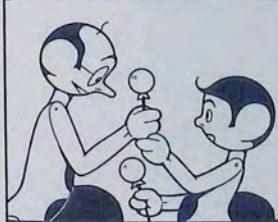
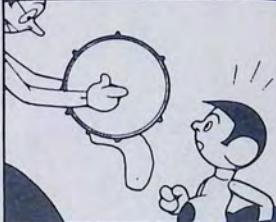
Tommy could not play outdoors.



Father Timbertoes had an idea. "Let's not wait for Christmas!"



"Let's give Tommy his drum now!" So Pa gave Tommy a big drum



and two sticks to beat the drum.



Tommy and Dicky marched around and around, and Tommy beat the drum and BEAT the drum!



"Help!" cried Father Timbertoes. "Merry Christmas!" said Pa and Ma.

9



### Hidden Pictures

In this big picture find an old car, purse, envelope, hatchet, sheep's head, iron, ball, shovel, number 8, bird, birthday cake, football.

*David Copperfield and Peggotty*

Look on page 11 for little pictures of the hidden objects.

★ Attention span is increased as a child works on this feature.

Send us your story with your name, age, and home address. We might print it in HIGHLIGHTS. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pa. 18431

Can you find these objects in the large picture at the left?



*Anne Bell*

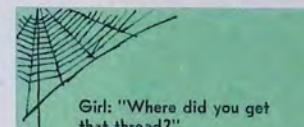
### Tell the Story



### Which Make Sounds?

Which of these things may make sounds themselves?

a brook	the sun
frying meat	a falling apple
the moon	a telephone pole
a star	a rock sitting still
a snowman	the wind
boiling water	a radiator
burning wood	a lump of clay
a pancake	water flowing over a dam



Girl: "Where did you get that thread?"

Spider: "I made it myself. I have a little gooey liquid inside of me which I can make into a little thread of real silk. Just watch and you can see me make it."



### Which Might Be Said?

Which might be said during the Christmas holidays? Which might not?

I read that last week there was a heat wave in Chicago. I must write some Thank-you notes. Tomorrow is George Washington's birthday.

The frost damaged some orange trees in central Florida. Let's color some Easter eggs. Look! There's Uncle Sam leading the parade.

We are going to decorate our tree tonight.

Thank you for the beautiful valentine.

Happy New Year!

### Is It Easier

To mail a letter or to write it? To find a four-leaf clover or a three-leaf clover?

To keep your hands or your face clean?

To draw a square or a star?

To drink from a cup or from a pan?

To pour water into a jug from a pail or from a pitcher?

To stand for three minutes on one foot or on both feet?

To learn to roller skate or to swim?

## The Bears Enjoy Music

By Garry Cleveland Myers  
Pictures by Virginia Filson Walsh



Woozy: "If only I didn't have to practice."

Poozy: "The boys are all outdoors sledding."



Poozy: "Did you hear that? It sounded good."

Piddy: "I wish I could play the clarinet."

Mother: "Yes, it did."

Father: "Maybe you can start lessons soon."



Piddy: "What nice Christmas music we all make."



## Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips

Illustrated by Sidney Quinn

Hello boys and girls:

Hail to dear December—the month for us to remember.

This is the month of Christmas and the month of Hanukkah. It is the month of being grateful for blessings of the past and of the present. It is the month for giving gifts and spreading love—the month of much splendor and sparkle, all mixed in with fun and frolic.

How about that picture up top? Some procession, eh?

How many of Sammy's friends can you recognize?

Find: Sammy; Butterscotch, the dog; Chalky, the pony; Dando, the donkey; Henrietta, head hen at the henhouse; Gilbert's goose, Filbert; Columbus, the mouse; Sammy's pet snake, Stanley (wearing his Santa hat at a rakish angle); and two of Sammy's classmates. Of course, Santa leads the procession. And beloved little magic man Yanko will

be at the end, riding on the back of—guess who? None other than Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer. "His shiny red nose might serve as a tail light," explained Yanko.

The procession is headed for Mr. Twinkleton's toy shop. His room-sized window is a joy to behold. Hundreds of noses were pressed against the glass and none harder than mine. I was fascinated. It was so amusing to see a perky little stuffed cocker spaniel grinning up at a proud police dog and yelping, "You sure are a wow of a dog, but what wouldn't you give to have soft silky ears like mine!" Then two stuffed elephants blew kisses with their trunks as they looked out at us. How about that!

Many gifts will be given to children who are crippled or in hospitals and who are less fortunate than others. Thus they may enjoy a Merry Christmas or Happy Hanukkah with the rest of us.

Santa was already romping among the people, suggesting that they might want to remember others in this month of December.

I was very proud of Sammy and his friends for giving some of their Christmas money to bring joy and smiles to others.

Somehow that night the stars seemed to sparkle more brilliantly than ever before.

May all the love and warmth of this glorious month surround all our HIGHLIGHTS children everywhere and bring you many blessings.

You know, of course, that we always say children are the world's most important people.

Love,  
Aunt Dorothy

P.S. At the bottom of the page artist Quinn has drawn a picture for you. It's about what is going on in Mousedom. That crazy Columbus is always up to fun and mischief.



# Man of the West

By Lucille J. Goodyear

He was a product of the open spaces, the desert, and the mountains. Wherever he rode, he was known for his keen eye, loyal heart, and strong body. He worked hard, rode hard, played hard, and was a glutton for punishment. He was the cowboy of the open range—king of his realm.

14

When and how did he become a reality? The word "cowboy" was unknown until the 1800's when people from the East began heading West—particularly to Texas.

Population in the eastern cities was growing rapidly, and with it the necessity for more food production. Many of those who made the long trek did so because land was cheap and they believed all of it to be



tillable. Those who found their land useless for crop farming began to turn to cattle raising, adopting the ranching methods of their Mexican neighbors to the south.

In Mexico, the ranching traditions were of Spanish origin. Spain was the only European country that had enough good grazing land to allow the raising of cattle on open range. The conquistadors from Spain introduced the longhorn breed to Mexico, and from there it spread across the Rio Grande into Texas. Later, it was to extend northward as far as the Dakotas and Montana, and westward to Arizona, Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming.

To us, nothing seems more uniquely American than the cowboy. However, the cowboy's equipment, clothing, and cattle techniques were adapted from the Spanish-influenced "vaqueros" of Mexico. The vaquero was the working cowboy of Mexico, and it is after his ways of ranching and dress that our cowboys patterned many of their ways.

The chaps were protection against

the sombrero, chaps, bright-colored shirt, tight pants, pointed-toe boots, spurs, horned saddle, cinch, hackamore, quirt, lasso or lariat—all were used by the Mexican vaqueros.

The cowboy's hat became his trademark—the emblem of his success, since he was known to plunk down as much as a month's pay to get a really good one. It was the most functional part of his outfit as the brim kept sun, rain, and snow off his face. Pulled down over his ears, the wide brim kept them from freezing. It was also pressed into service as a "bucket" for watering his horse or for bringing water into camp for cooking.

He used his hat to fan fires, to flag cattle into line during round-up, and to slap his horse into action. During the heat of the day it shaded his face while he took a rest from riding. At night it became his pillow, and in the morning—pushed back into shape—it was ready for another day's duty.



To arouse an appreciation of an important part of America's heritage.

rough shrubbery and cacti, as well as providing warmth in cold, rain, and snow. The boots protected feet and ankles against snakebite. The pistol was usually worn in a holster on a cartridge belt, where it could be reached with a sweep of the hand when needed.

The saddle rope was an important piece of equipment and always kept in good condition. Forty or fifty feet long and made of rawhide, braided horsehair, or hemp, the lasso was used to rope cows and calves, to pull cattle out of mire or rough shrubs, as well as for dragging various objects.

Of the utmost importance was the cowboy's pony or horse. The cow-pony was generally a small animal, descended from wild horses. Small, but very strong, it was well suited to the work of herding. It was fast and able to get under way with ease and had an ability to turn sharply. The cow-pony could live on the thin range grass, and still maintain its small size and remarkable strength.

A cowboy's face was always tanned and weathered by the elements. His clothes were impregnated with the distinct odor of horse and saddle leather. Hands were rough and calloused from long hours of roping cattle, branding calves, building and mending fences—and riding day after day.

It was his job to ride constantly to look out for the welfare of the ranch livestock. He rode from dawn to dusk to make certain the cattle were on nutritious grazing land and kept in their proper domain, had water and salt, and were in the proper area for that part of the year.

When the railroads pushed out beyond the Mississippi River, cattle raising was greatly stimulated. Prior to the railroads, there was no

easy or profitable way to get the cattle herds to the waiting eastern markets.

Once a year, in autumn or early winter, the herds were rounded up and headed northward on what was called "the long drive." The final destination was generally Abilene or Dodge City, Kansas. The Western Cattle Trail led to Dodge City; while the Chisholm Trail (the oldest and most frequently used) led to Abilene. The Chisholm Trail, originated by Jesse Chisholm in 1866, was the marked route over which cattle herds were driven for almost two decades. From Abilene or Dodge City the cattle would be shipped to the stockyards of Kansas City, Milwaukee, or Chicago.

Cattle drives were difficult and a great responsibility for all the cowboys concerned. A single herd would often have as many as three thousand head, requiring sixteen to twenty cowboys to keep it moving. Trail driving became a big business. A man known to be a good trail driver or trail head was never out of work nor were the drovers or cowboys who rode with him. Hiring a good trail head and his crew to drive a large herd saved the cattle rancher

a great deal in time and money, as he did not have to deplete his ranch crew for the annual drive.

The "long drives" continued until about the 1870's. Once the railroads introduced branch lines in the West, they began to diminish.

Today's cowboy may not have to ride as many miles to keep his cattle from wandering, but he still must be certain the herd has enough grass, water, and salt. According to the season and range availability, he may drive them to fresh pasture. In the autumn or early winter, he may be called upon to drive some of the cattle to the nearest railroad loading area for shipment to feed lots for fattening.

Today's large fenced-in cattle ranches do not demand the same type of cowboy as was needed in those earlier days. However, the cowboy who can ride, rope, brand, and herd cattle still finds work on the great ranches. Today the work is not as demanding, dangerous, or lonely. Today's cowboy is just as apt to "ride the range" in a jeep, truck—or even a helicopter. However he does it, he is still carrying on the traditions of the cowboy of old.



Illustrated by Tom Dunnington

15

# Danny's Small World

By Virginia W. Gasper

Danny Judson couldn't remember when he had not lived at 217 Longfellow Drive in Aurora, Wisconsin. Here he had grown up with children whose families and houses and yards were all very much like his own. That was why Danny could hardly believe Mother when she told him they were moving to New York City, where Dad had a new job. They would eat Thanksgiving dinner in their new apartment.



"Apartment?" Danny gasped. "Aren't we going to have a house with a yard?"

"No, Danny," said Dad, "we are going to live right in New York City, on the eleventh floor of an apartment building. The school you'll go to is only a block away."

The excitement of moving kept Danny from being too unhappy. And the long ride East was fun because they stopped to visit Grandpa's farm in Indiana and Aunt Helen's family in Pennsylvania.

New York City itself was the most exciting place Danny had ever seen, with people rushing around like tiny ants in a world of tall buildings and busy streets.

Monday morning came much too soon. Back in Aurora, Wisconsin, no fifth-grade boy would let his mother walk to school with him, even on the first day. But as they walked out of the big archway of the apartment building and into the noisy street, Danny found that he had to clutch his notebook hard to keep from holding Mother's hand.

As they reached the corner and turned toward the school, their steps slowed down. Danny glanced up at Mother; suddenly he knew that she, too, was feeling lost and afraid.

"Why do you make me go? Why can't we live in a smaller town?" Danny had to fight hard not to cry.

"We are used to new pupils in an area like this, you see. Danny will get acquainted very quickly. Everyone will help him feel at home. Come along, Dan. I'll take you to Mrs. Rogers' room."

They stood outside the fifth-grade door and peered in a minute. Mrs. Rogers was a small white-haired lady with a smiling face who reminded Danny of the fairy godmother from "Cinderella." He felt better already. But the children! There were all different kinds, like the people on New York streets. Danny felt another wave of fear as Mr. Villardo opened the door and all eyes fastened on him—the new boy.

★ Helps the child to appreciate the positive aspects of moving into a new community.

Illustrated by William Hutchinson

Mother stopped and looked at him for a quiet moment. Then she said, "Danny, nothing important in life comes easily. If you believe in something, you have to earn it. You know that."

Dan nodded. Piano practicing, shooting baskets into the hoop by the garage, schoolwork—Mother and Dad had encouraged him over the hard parts of all sorts of skills by telling him about the necessary effort. And he was good at many things now. But what did that have to do with that grimy, ugly school with its paved yard and wire fence?

"I just know I won't like this school."

She guided Danny into the rush of children, walking, running, skipping toward the school. Together they were swept through the open gate and the worn wooden door, straight into the office of the principal.

Mr. Villardo was a very kindly man who seemed to know just how frightened Mrs. Judson and Danny were. He talked to them a long time. When Mrs. Judson left, he invited her to come to his office for Danny after school for a day or so.

"We are used to new pupils in an area like this, you see. Danny will get acquainted very quickly. Everyone will help him feel at home. Come along, Dan. I'll take you to Mrs. Rogers' room."

They stood outside the fifth-grade door and peered in a minute. Mrs. Rogers was a small white-haired lady with a smiling face who reminded Danny of the fairy godmother from "Cinderella." He felt better already. But the children! There were all different kinds, like the people on New York streets. Danny felt another wave of fear as Mr. Villardo opened the door and all eyes fastened on him—the new boy.



After school Mother was waiting in Mr. Villardo's office.

"Hi, Mom. You needn't have come. Max lives in our building on the thirteenth floor. He's going to stop for me in the morning. And Nick asked me to be in his Cub Scout den. His mom is Den Mother. And I knew Juan. He was in my class yesterday in Sunday school. He's taking me to the boys' choir Friday."

"How wonderful!" Mother looked oddly as if she might cry.

"Boy, do we have a class! All different kinds of kids. You should hear them. They think I sound funny, too." Danny grinned. "James is the nicest. He was new in September, from Alabama. What a drawl!"

Mother just smiled and the two of them headed home. Danny kept right on talking. He was ahead in math and reading and behind in science. They were playing touch football on Tuesdays so he'd be late, but Max would walk home with him. The school was old and rather falling apart, but Mrs. Rogers' room was good, and that was what really mattered.

Each day Danny liked school better. Mrs. Rogers was just as nice

as she looked and had the talent of making her fifth-graders feel like a warm, friendly family. Danny felt welcome and a part of things almost at once as he traced the route from Aurora to New York on the big map and told about "back home."

Mrs. Rogers was already planning for Christmas, and before he knew it, Danny was caught up in the excitement.

Each child shared with the class the Christmas he knew "back home." Donna Maria brought a gay paper piñata, made like a fat blue pig. Daily she hinted at candy and toys when the fifth-graders would break it with a stick on the last day of school.

Mpopo brought African crèche figures carved in the black wood he called ebony.

Woon Tai brought fortune cookies and bright Chinese lanterns to decorate the room, even though her family did not celebrate Christmas.

Max and Beverly brought a lovely brass Hanukkah candlestick called a menorah and presents for the class to open the eight days of Hanukkah, the holiday which Jewish children celebrate around Christmas time.

Zoe brought a Swedish Advent

calendar with a little door for each day of Advent.

Frieda brought German cutout cookies, too fancy to eat but pretty enough to hang on the tree.

Danny provided a small fragrant Christmas tree, and told how he used to tramp with his father through snowy fields crisscrossed with delicate deer tracks.

Never had school days seemed so short or so important. Never was Christmas more exciting than this one—knowing how other people celebrated it.

The first day of Christmas vacation, curled up in the back seat of the car for the long, cold ride to Aunt Helen's in Pennsylvania, Danny amused his mother and father by saying "Merry Christmas" in seven different languages, remembering as he did so the eager faces of the fifth-grade friends who had taught him.

"You know," he said, "I'm learning a lot more in Mrs. Rogers' room than I ever did before in school, and it's the boys and girls who are teaching me."

Mother and Dad nodded, and Danny settled back to think about it.

## “A Scene on the Ice”

By Hendrick Avercamp  
(Dutch, 1585-1634)

Descriptive text by Marian King  
Author of *A Gallery of Children*  
Aeropolis Books

In his painting, “A Scene on the Ice,” the Dutch artist Hendrick Avercamp shows what took place in the lives of many people during the winter months in Holland over three hundred years ago.

In order to take you into the picture, the artist has put some of his people in dark clothes, others in bright reds, soft greens, light browns—against the gray of the ice and the wintry sky.

The picture is full of activity.

In the foreground boys play at “kolf” (later known as golf), while other young people wearing skates with long runners skim over the ice. Here and there, well-dressed elderly people walk with care across the frozen waters. Near the center of the foreground of the picture, a plumed horse, guided by a groom, draws a handpainted sleigh carrying two rich ladies briskly on their way. Also very much to the front of the picture are two dogs. The one, beside the man who has taken off

his gloves to refasten his skates, eyes the other dog coming toward him. Nearby, and as part of the design, the artist has signed the painting with his initials, H. A.

Behind all this activity, Avercamp has placed many other figures, skating, walking, frolicking, while some are shown carrying on their daily tasks, such as pushing sleds filled with wares—either things they have bought or items for sale. Here and there a figure has a pack strapped to his back.

As background for these people and this activity, the artist shows a large part of the sky dotted with a few birds. To build up his scene, Avercamp has balanced his picture with sturdy dikes, snow-covered houses, a towering building, and a windmill. Here and there can be seen boats with masts frozen in the ice.

What could be more delightful, gay, and interesting during the holiday season than this colorful and active winter outdoor painting, “A Scene on the Ice”!

Hendrick Avercamp was born in Amsterdam, in The Netherlands, in the 17th century.

1585. He was deaf and dumb from the time of his birth. As he grew older he showed an interest in art and wanted to become an artist. When ready, he became a pupil of Pieter Isaacsz. Avercamp's early paintings showed the influence of the Flemish artist, Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Bruegel's large landscapes of peasants and religious scenes appealed to Avercamp.

When Avercamp left Amsterdam some time before 1625, he settled in the small, quiet town of Kampen on the eastern side of the Zuider Zee. Because of being deaf and dumb, he was spoken of as the “Mute of Kampen.” Perhaps because he could not speak or hear, he lacked friends. In order to make up for this lack of companionship he filled his pictures with lively, amusing, interesting, busy, and happy people.

On May 15, 1634, Avercamp died in Kampen. It is said that he was the first artist to specialize in winter scenes of outdoor sports. His paintings of everyday life on the canals of Holland are of great value. They tell a story of the Dutch people in the 17th century.



“A Scene on the Ice”

National Gallery of Art

Alma-Wolff Bequest Fund

## The House on Apple Lane

By Joy Rash

Illustrated by Anthony Rao

One day Officer Stephens saw a little girl sitting in the park crying. Stopping his police car, he got out and went to her.

"What's the matter, little girl?"

"I'm lost!" she sobbed.

"Can you tell me your name?" Officer Stephens asked.

"Margaret," she said.

"Can you tell me the name of the street where you live?"

"No." Margaret felt very upset now.

"All right. Tell me anything you remember about your house or your street."

The smile lit Margaret's face as she said, "My house is the most beautiful house in the whole city. And it's on the prettiest street in town."

"My, what a lucky little girl you are," Officer Stephens said. "It shouldn't be too hard to find a house like that."

Margaret sat next to the friendly policeman as he drove the big white police car through the city streets. Soon he stopped and asked, "Is this your street, Margaret?"

Margaret looked down a wide street with large two-story houses on either



side. In front of each house was a wide lawn.

"No, Officer," Margaret said, shaking her head. "I don't live on this street."

At that, the policeman started the powerful engine. They had been driving for about ten minutes when he once again parked the police car at the curb.

"Does this street look familiar to you, Margaret?" he asked.

The little girl once more looked out the car window. This time she saw a row of very modern houses. They had so many windows that the walls seemed to be made entirely of glass. Each house had its own small yard.

But again Margaret shook her head, saying, "No, Officer. I don't live on this street."

Officer Stephens was smiling as he started the car for the third time. "Well, Margaret, that makes it easy. There's only one more street that fits your description."

In a few minutes, the policeman stopped the car for the third time. "Here we are, Margaret," he said. "Which house is yours?"

The street Margaret saw had tall, modern apartment buildings on each side. They were very close to each other, and seemed to reach clear to the sky. There were no yards at all.

"This isn't my street," Margaret said. A worried look appeared on her face.

Officer Stephens also looked worried.

"Are you sure you don't live here, Margaret?" he asked.

"I'm sure," she answered and began to cry.

"Now, now, don't cry," the nice policeman said. "We'll find your house soon." Looking at the small figure, a thought came to him. "I'll bet you're hungry. I see a fruit stand across the street. Why don't I buy you something to eat? Would you like an orange, or a peach, or an apple—?"

Suddenly a big smile crowded out the tears.

"Apple! That's it!" she cried happily. "Apple Lane! I live on Apple Lane."

"Good girl!" cheered Officer Stephens. "I'll have you home in five minutes."

Soon the police car turned into Apple Lane and Officer Stephens noticed something which surprised him. Apple Lane was just an ordinary street, like many others in the city. The houses were rather small and not at all new. But each one looked as though it had been cared for with love. The yards were tiny. But in each tiny yard there was nice green grass and pretty flowers.

They stopped in front of the house Margaret pointed out. It was a plain little house, no larger or prettier than the rest. But something about it made Officer Stephens think it was a very nice place for a little girl to live.

Margaret was out of the car the second it stopped. The front door was thrown open. A woman with arms outstretched came hurrying to meet her.

"Margaret," she cried, hugging the child. "Oh, I've been so worried. Where have you been?"

"I went for a walk and got lost. This nice policeman found me in the park and brought me home," Margaret explained.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried. "Thank you for bringing Margaret home."

Then Margaret thanked Officer Stephens and said good-bye.

As he watched them go into 321 Apple Lane, he thought, "A house with so much love must truly be the most beautiful house in the whole city."

Then he got into the police car and drove down "the prettiest street in town."



By George W. Frame

The black rhinoceros is usually thought of as a big, ugly, dumb, mean-tempered, and dangerous beast. Its home is the forests and bushlands of eastern and southern Africa. Even the natives of those areas are afraid of rhinos and try to stay far away from them. But forest paths sometimes wind through dense undergrowth, and it is difficult to see very far. If someone accidentally walks too near, the frightened or angry rhino may charge with puffs and snorts like a steam locomotive, and toss the unfortunate person in the air.

For hundreds of years, people have killed rhinos for their horns. Even today some people mistakenly believe that ground-up rhino horns make good medicine, so they pay many dollars for even a small piece of horn. Because of hunting, and because cities and farmlands continually grow bigger, many people in recent years have worried that the black rhino may become extinct.

22

One person was more concerned than all the others. His name was John Goddard. He left Canada and went to the African countries of Tanzania, Kenya, and Zambia—where he studied the black rhinoceros for seven years. He learned many new things about rhinoceros behavior, the kinds of plants they eat, and where they live. During two of those years, I helped John in his field studies.

We lived in tents most of the time. Because our work covered hundreds of square miles, we had to move often. John's wife Shelley and his daughter Penny helped, too. We enjoyed being with the wild animals, and it was always a thrill to hear the lions, wildebeest, zebras, hyenas, and rhinos outside our tents at night.

Many of the rhinos became our good friends. We recognized them by the shape of their horns and ears, so we gave them names. Some were very peaceful and friendly, but most always ran away if they knew we were watching. Once in a while, one

chased us; but we were always able to climb into trees or to drive away quickly in our Land Rover.

A few rhinos were not so easy to identify, so we tranquilized them and put ear tags on them. Some of these were baby rhinos with only a tiny horn. Now, whenever we see them again, we will be able to recognize them as they are growing up.

Where there are lakes and streams and lots of green trees and bushes, we found ten or twenty black rhinos in a single square mile, but in drier areas there was not even one rhino in a square mile. The males used dung piles and special odors to mark the plants and the ground in the area where they lived. Whenever a strange rhino wandered into the area, he smelled the odors and knew that he was not welcome because other rhinos lived there.

The most satisfying thing we learned was that the black rhino is not in danger of extinction. There are thousands of them now living in national parks where they are

safe, except from an occasional poacher.

In Africa there is another species of rhino called the white rhinoceros. It is more than five feet tall and weighs as much as 3,000 or 4,000 pounds when fully grown. The white rhino has a long head and a square mouth with which he eats grass. But the black rhino's head is short and his upper lip is pointed, so he can more easily eat branches and leaves of bushes.

Seventy years ago, hunters had made the white rhinoceros almost extinct in southern Africa. So, in order to save them, national parks were made for the rhinos in South Africa. Because they were protected from hunting and had much land in which to roam, they have increased in numbers. Today they are safe, and everyone can enjoy them!

But not all rhinos are this lucky. In Asia there are three species of rhinoceros. But they do not have the big national parks and the protection that the African rhinos have. All three of these species—the Indian rhino, the Javan rhino, and the Sumatran rhino—are in great danger. We must help them soon or they may all die.

While we studied the black rhinos, we also watched other kinds of animals. Many times we saw a pack of Cape hunting dogs capture a gazelle or young wildebeest. We also watched hyenas, lions, and jackals hunt. Once several spotted hyenas caught a baby black rhino and broke its leg.

Another time, a rhino we named Felicia saved her baby from an attacking lion. For a while the baby stayed close to its mother for safety. But it soon became too frightened and ran away with the lion chasing close behind. Felicia trotted after the lion. The lion then stopped chasing the calf, and instead bit Felicia's hind leg. Quickly she spun around, and using her long straight horn, she stabbed the attacking lion in the ribs, neck, and jaw until he was dead. When I saw Felicia the next day, her head and horns were still covered with lion's blood and

her leg had scratches and bites. But both she and her baby were well.

When I finished studying black rhinos and returned to the United States, I found there are still many different kinds of animals that need to be studied here. I spent several months on the ice-covered ocean north of Alaska studying polar bears and birds. For one summer I studied black bears in southern Alaska to see how many salmon they caught. Early in 1972, I spent three weeks studying a herd of twenty white rhinos from South Africa which now live in the new San Diego Zoo's Wild Animal Park at San Pasqual, California.

Every year there are more and more people in every country around the world. This means that we must have more houses, more roads, and even bigger farms to grow more food. But this doesn't leave much good land, food, or clean water for the wildlife. We must, therefore, learn more about animals so we can help them to survive. Their survival brings much enjoyment to all of us.

23

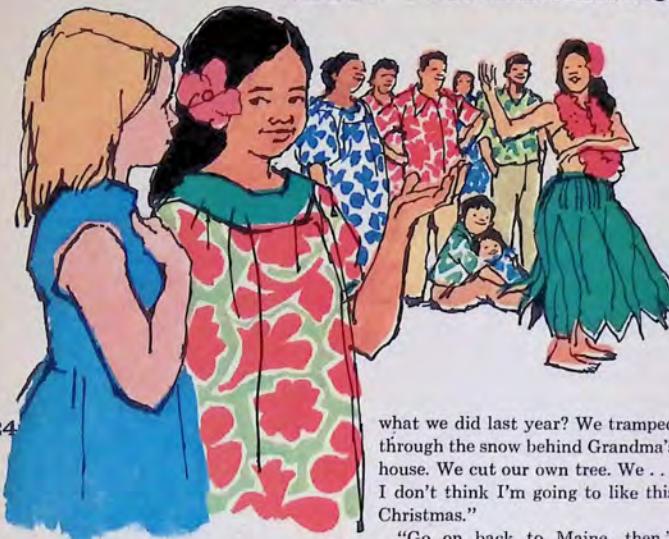
## I Studied African Rhinos



★ First-hand account of a most interesting animal in its natural habitat.



# Mele Kalikimaka



By Gael Gouveia  
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

Lani danced in the shallow waves lapping the Hawaiian shoreline. "One more week till Christmas," she shouted happily. "I can hardly wait."

Sharon frowned. "You don't know what a real Christmas is like."

Lani stopped dancing. "What do you mean?"

"Back in Maine, we have snow, fireplaces to hang our stockings near, and chimneys for Santa to come down. It's not Christmasy here at all."

Lani stamped her sun-warmed bare feet in the sand. "I don't know about snow and fireplaces, but the Islands are full of Christmas. I love Christmas right here." Her long, silky black hair danced on her back as she skipped along the beach.

Sharon ran after her. "You know

what we did last year? We tramped through the snow behind Grandma's house. We cut our own tree. We . . . I don't think I'm going to like this Christmas."

"Go on back to Maine, then." Lani darted up the path, calling over her shoulder, "I'm going home."

Sharon sat on the steps in front of her own house and brushed the sand from her feet. Five-year-old Sammy opened the door. Sharon said to her brother, "I sure wish we still lived in Maine, Sammy."

"So do I."

"But I don't," said Mama, smiling as she came in from the kitchen. Sharon interrupted. "We had so much fun last Christmas."

"Riding sleds."

"Making snow angels."

Sharon's fingers tingled. Woolen mittens. Grandma's steaming mugs of hot soup. Christmas carols. Decorating the beautiful tree.

Sharon remembered that she and Sammy had put a glass of milk and an apple for Santa Claus on the mantel near their colorful stockings. After they'd gone to bed, Santa had slipped down the chimney to

leave shiny new sleds and warm fleece-lined boots. Now the sleds and boots were packed in a box in Grandma's basement.

"Christmas just won't be the same," Sharon sighed.

"Aren't we going to have a tree and presents?" asked Sammy.

Mama laughed. "Of course we are. We can make this a very special Christmas. Sharon, ask Lani about Hawaiian holidays. She's always lived in Hawaii."

"She said she could hardly wait. I told her I didn't think I'd like Christmas this year."

"What an unkind thing to say. She and her family love Hawaii. I'm sure they have special customs that mean a lot to her. You must tell her you're sorry."

"I don't want to."

"That's not the way of the Christmas spirit. Perhaps if you found out what a real Hawaiian Christmas is like, you would feel different. I hope you will tell her you're sorry."

Sharon thought about the Christmas spirit in the next few days while she helped Mama with Christmas preparations. They unpacked the Christmas bells and balls. Sammy set up the stable. Sharon set out the wooden animals and placed the Baby Jesus on a bed of straw. Papa brought home a tree and they sang the carols they sang every year while they decorated it. They hung their stockings on hooks in the wall. Smells of Mama's Christmas baking filled the air.

Packages arrived—a big box from Grandma in Maine, and lots of gay Christmas cards. By the time Christmas Eve arrived, Sharon was singing, "It's beginning to look like Christmas even if there is no snow."

Papa said, "Where's your little friend, Lani? I haven't seen her around lately."

"Did you ever tell her you were

sorry, Sharon?" Mama asked.

"I haven't yet. It's Christmas Eve. I should. I'll go right now and tell her." She ran up the path to Lani's house and knocked on the door. Sounds of ukuleles and happy voices came through the door. "They must have company right now," Sharon thought, and started to turn away. "But I want to tell her now. I want Lani to be my friend."

Lani opened the door. She wore a bright green-and-red flowered muumuu. She had a flower in her hair. Lani smiled.

"Aloha, Sharon." Through the open door behind Lani, Sharon could see a tree laden with beach-glass ornaments and more Christmas presents than she'd ever seen. Everyone was singing. A beautiful girl was dancing the hula.

Sharon's eyes widened. "I didn't mean to interrupt. I'm sorry that I said I didn't think I'd like Christmas this year."

"I'd forgotten all about it," Lani said. "Come on inside. You're just in time to help us make haupia."

"What's that?"  
"Coconut pudding. We'll show you what a real Christmas in Hawaii is like. The whole family is here—my aunts, uncles, cousins . . ." Lani introduced Sharon to everyone. "That's my cousin, Mele, dancing."

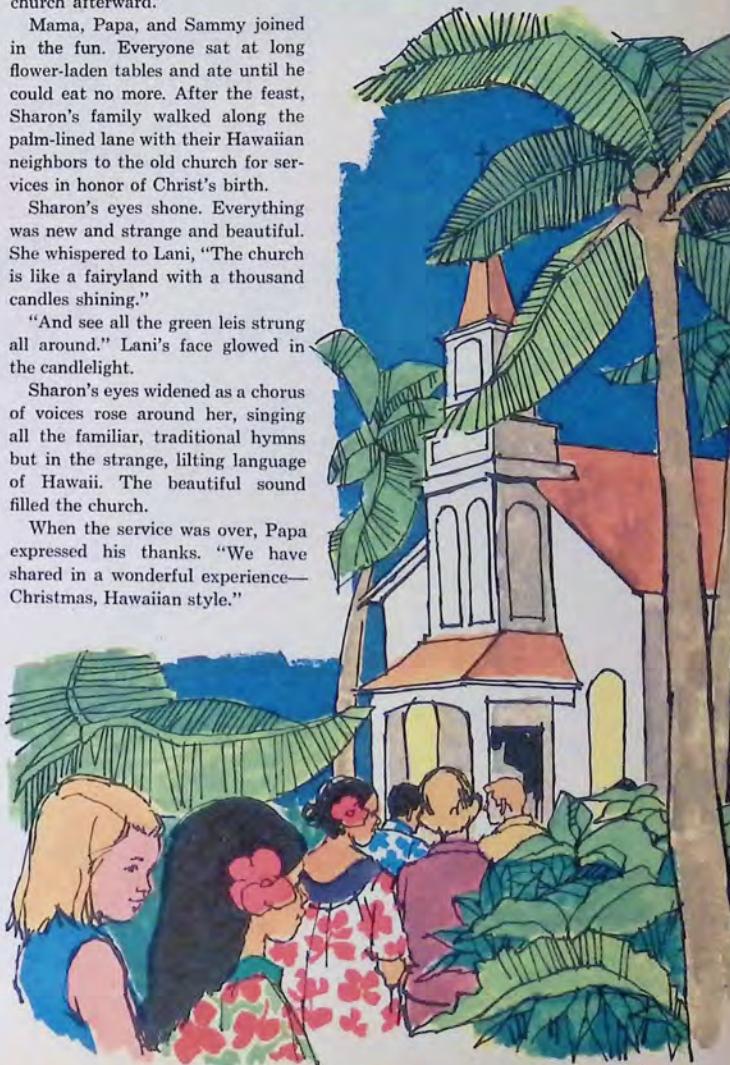
"What kind of tree is that?"  
"A Norfolk pine. Sometimes Mother likes to decorate a native plant or bush. What does it matter what kind of tree it is? We know what Christmas really means."

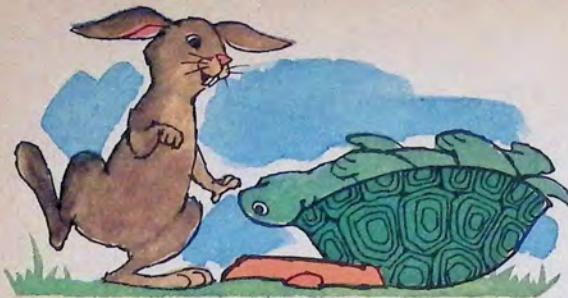
Lani's father called the girls outside. "The pig is almost ready to come out of the *imu*. Come see."

"The *imu* is an underground oven," Lani explained. "We put yams and fish wrapped in *ti* leaves and bananas in the *imu* with the pig, too."

Lani kissed Sharon. "Mele Kalikimaka. That means Merry Christmas in Hawaiian."

Sharon smiled and hugged her friend. "It's not like Christmas in Maine. But it's a very, very special Christmas. Christmas is filling my heart to the top. *Mele Kalikimaka.*"





## Upside Down Turtle

By Dorothy Gordon  
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

The animals were having a picnic. Turtle was there.

Before the picnic lunch there were contests.

"I want to win something," thought Turtle. "Surely there is something I can do better than any other animal."

First he tried to race. He had hardly started when Red Fox called out, "Antelope is the winner!" Just then Turtle slipped on a rock and over he went, upside down.

"There goes Turtle, upside down," laughed Rabbit. The animals laughed. "Upside down Turtle," they cried. Owl helped Turtle turn over.

"If only I could keep from flopping over," thought Turtle. "No wonder the animals laugh at me."

He tried the jumping contest.

Over he went again! The animals laughed again and there were cries of "Upside down Turtle."



"Rabbit is the winner of the jumping contest," called Red Fox.

Next came the swimming contest. "I am a good swimmer," thought Turtle. "I think I can win this contest." But Trout was the fastest swimmer.

Then Red Fox said, "Animals in the forest must know how to hide. I'll cover my eyes and count to ten. The last animal I find will be the winner."

Turtle was tired from running and jumping and swimming. "I will hide in those rocks," he said. He crawled over



to the rocks, but he slipped and over he went, upside down.

He was too tired to try to turn over. "I'll just lie here and try to look like a rock," he thought. He pulled in his legs and tail and head. His bottom shell was gray and green. The rocks were gray and had green moss on them.

He did look just like a rock.

He heard Red Fox call out as he found each animal.

"One, two, three for Rabbit."

"One, two, three for Deer."

"One, two, three for Antelope."

Red Fox kept on calling until he had found every animal except Turtle.

"Where is upside down Turtle?" asked all the animals.

"Turtle is the winner! Come out Turtle!" cried Red Fox.

Turtle tried to turn over.

Rabbit saw him move. "Here is Turtle," he cried. "Here is upside down Turtle."

Owl helped him turn over.

"You hide better than anyone," said Red Fox. "You win the prize for hiding."

"You were wise to turn over," said Owl. "Your bottom shell looks just like the rocks."

Turtle was happy.

"I am luckier upside down than I am right side up," he thought.

## For Smart Thinkers

Tell how each person is carrying something. How does a horse carry something?



Below are parts of animals. What animal does each part belong to?

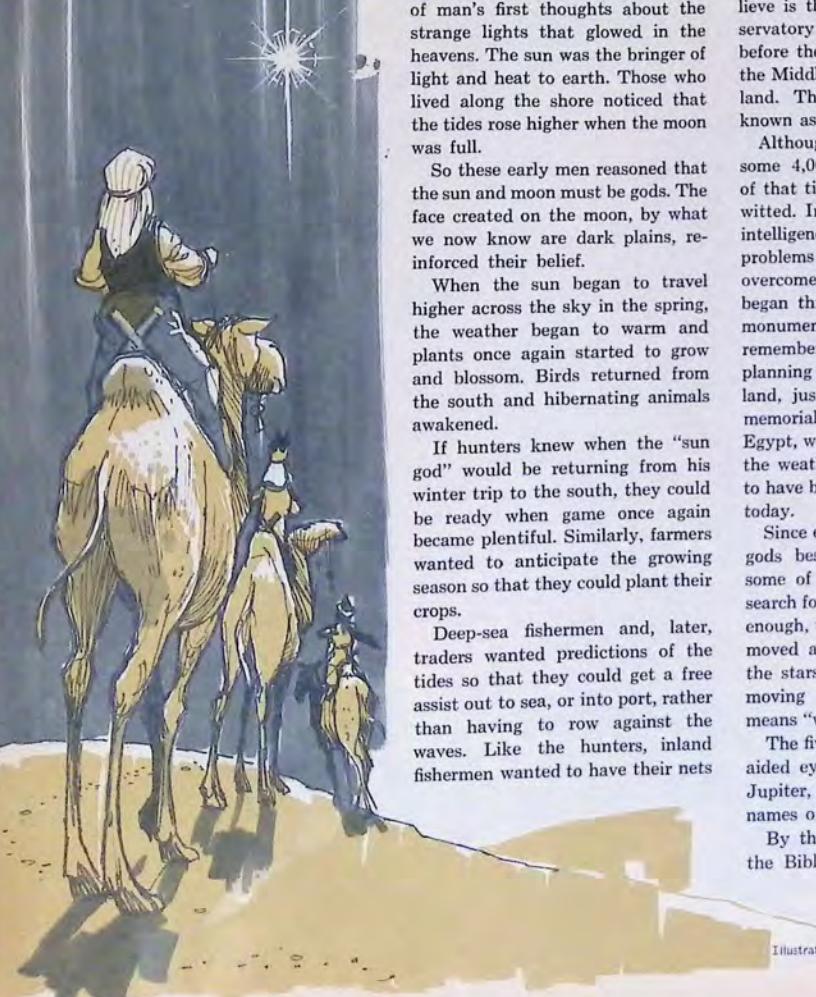


Which do you inflate with a pump?  
Which could you blow up with your mouth?



# Christmas Star

By Walter B. Hendrickson Jr.



Illustrated by Tom Dunnington

Stargazing is nothing new. In fact, astronomy was already an ancient profession when the three wise men of the Bible noticed the Star of Bethlehem shining in the east. This heritage gave the wise men the knowledge they needed to recognize that this star was an omen of the fulfilling of a prophecy.

These three kings were also priests and astronomers, as were most ancient rulers. This combination of professions had grown out of man's first thoughts about the strange lights that glowed in the heavens. The sun was the bringer of light and heat to earth. Those who lived along the shore noticed that the tides rose higher when the moon was full.

So these early men reasoned that the sun and moon must be gods. The face created on the moon, by what we now know are dark plains, reinforced their belief.

When the sun began to travel higher across the sky in the spring, the weather began to warm and plants once again started to grow and blossom. Birds returned from the south and hibernating animals awakened.

If hunters knew when the "sun god" would be returning from his winter trip to the south, they could be ready when game once again became plentiful. Similarly, farmers wanted to anticipate the growing season so that they could plant their crops.

Deep-sea fishermen and, later, traders wanted predictions of the tides so that they could get a free assist out to sea, or into port, rather than having to row against the waves. Like the hunters, inland fishermen wanted to have their nets

ready when the salmon began to swim upstream.

To answer these questions, the ancient priests began carefully studying the movements of the sun and moon. They were soon able to tell the time of the seasons and tides. The people also began to look to the priests for leadership in other problems, so these men became kings as well as priests and astronomers.

Actually what some scientists believe is the ruin of an ancient observatory built some 2,000 years before the birth of Christ is not in the Middle East but in middle England. This is the ring of stones known as Stonehenge.

Although civilization was simple some 4,000 years ago, the people of that time were by no means dull witted. In fact, they needed their intelligence to survive. Once the problems of survival were largely overcome, the ancient priest-kings began thinking about leaving some monument for future generations to remember them by. This led to the planning of the Stonehenge in England, just as other monuments and memorials, like the pyramids in Egypt, were conceived. At that time the weather in England is thought to have been much clearer than it is today.

Since early man believed in many gods besides the sun and moon, some of the priest-kings began to search for these in the heavens. Sure enough, there were other lights that moved against the backgrounds of the stars. The Greeks called these moving lights "planets," which means "wanderers."

The five planets visible to the unaided eye—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn—still bear the names of ancient Roman gods.

By the time of the wise men in the Bible, all the positions of the



stars and planets which could be seen without a telescope were fairly well known. So when the Star of Bethlehem appeared, they knew it was something special. They carefully plotted the position of the star, and found that it would be straight overhead at Bethlehem. The position told them that the brilliant star was the sign of the coming of the Messiah, which was promised in the Bible.

The Gospel according to Saint Matthew tells how the Star of Bethlehem led the three toward the manger. After their audience with King Herod, "they departed, and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

But exactly what this miraculous bright light was is a puzzle. Modern astronomers have several ideas.

Some astronomers think that, at that time, the five visible planets formed a nearly straight line stretching out for millions of miles across the solar system with the earth at one end. Looking up from earth, this would make it appear as though all the planets were gathered together in one place. Such a sight would have indeed been brilliant, and would have excited the wise men.

This would have been no surprise

identity of comets as members of the solar system was guessed.

Still another theory is that the Star of Bethlehem might have been a nova or a supernova. A nova is a star that suddenly explodes with great brilliance. Within a period of a few hours the nova bursts from an ordinary star into one five or six times as bright as the brightest star in the night sky. A supernova can flare to fourteen or fifteen times the brightness of other stars, producing enough light to be visible in the daytime.

Such a bursting star could suddenly appear to the wise men where no star had ever been seen before. When they saw it glittering so brightly in the sky they would have been surprised indeed, for they could not have known ahead of time that it was to appear.

Novae were not unknown at the time of the wise men, however. In 134 B.C., the Greek scientist Hipparchus reported observing a nova. Since the wise men were well read on the subject of astronomy, they may have known of Hipparchus' discovery.

Whatever the Star of Bethlehem was, the three wise men were indeed right in thinking that the new bright light would lead them to the important event the star announced.

★ Various explanations of the Star of Bethlehem.





## Merry Christmas From Kitty Hawk

30 By Mel Boring

For Wilbur and Orville Wright, the Christmas of 1903 must have been the happiest ever! Just one week before that Christmas the two brothers had made the first successful, powered airplane flight. It was a Christmas present to the world—the gift of flight for man.

Much hard work went into their gift, long before that first flight. Four Christmases had passed since the Wrights first began to experiment with airplanes. Their "overnight" success took many years of hard work and thought.

The Wrights started by observing birds in flight, near their home in Dayton, Ohio. In 1899, they began experimenting with a large kite. They watched the way it moved in the wind. Then they learned to control it from the ground, moving it up and down, back and forth, with two strings.

When they had learned as much as they could from kites, they began working with gliders. Between 1899 and 1902, they designed and built three different gliders. In the last

glider alone, they made nearly a thousand flights in one year. At the same time, they tested two hundred different wings in a homemade wind tunnel for shape and size.

During this time, they ran a bicycle shop in Dayton. Through most of the year, they did their planning and building there. Then, in the fall and early winter, they went to the Kill Devil Hills, along the coast of North Carolina, near the village of Kitty Hawk. Here they did their flying.

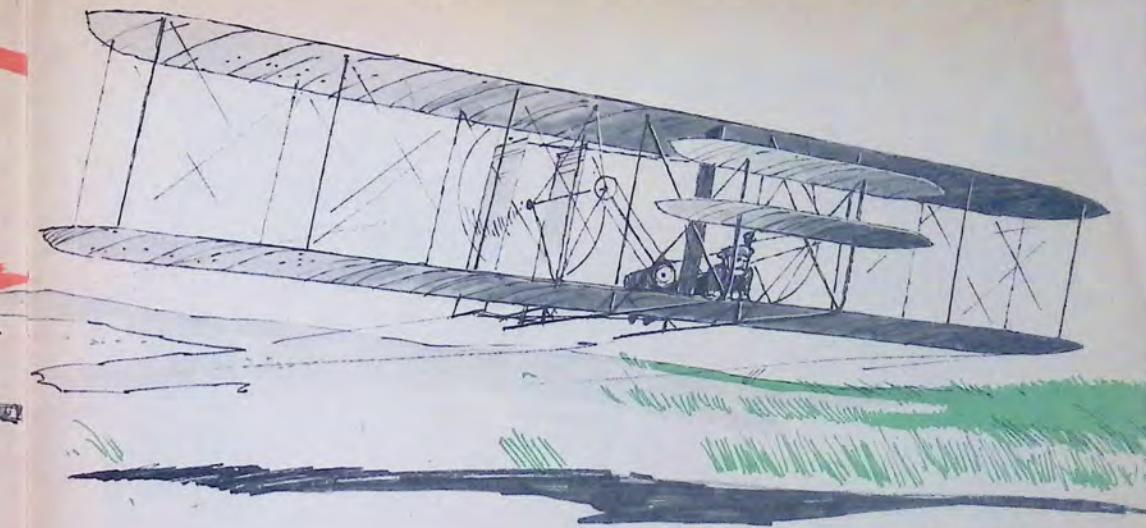
The Kill Devil Hills were chosen because they were treeless and windy, with lots of sand for soft landings. In later years, people gave the name "Kitty Hawk" to the Wrights' first powered plane.

Finally, in 1903, they were ready to build a motor-driven airplane. It was to be a biplane (double-winged) like their gliders. Since none of the motors built for autos at that time were light enough, they designed and built their own 12-horsepower motor. They also had to carve their own propellers—from wood.

Through much testing the Wrights learned how to steer and control their craft. This was the key to success and their main gift to aviation. Other pioneers tried to make machines stable in the air without moving surfaces.

The Wrights mounted a set of small, double-deck wings called the elevator on outriggers ahead of their main wings. Lying on his stomach in the center of the bottom wing beside the engine, the pilot could guide the craft up or down by moving an elevator control lever with one hand, while the other controlled the engine.

To keep the wings level, the pilot shifted his hips from side to side. He laid in a wooden cradle that moved from side to side. Wires from it were rigged to warp and twist the wing, increasing the wing's angle into the airstream on one side while decreasing it on the opposite. Lift was greater on the side with the most angle, bringing that wing tip up when the pilot moved the cradle with his hips.



Illustrated by Tom Dunnington

31

Wilbur thought of this idea first when he toyed with a bike tire-tube box that was long and slender.

At the rear of their plane the Wrights used biplane rudders rigged to move with the wing-warping system. This enabled their plane to turn smoothly and fly in full circles. In 1906, they patented this system.

Today, planes are maneuvered by the same basic theory but instead of warping wings, hinged surfaces along trailing edges of wings are used. These are called "ailerons." They are used to keep the wings level or bank them for turning. And on today's plane, the elevators are attached to the tail.

The Wrights' idea of mechanically linking the rudder with wing-warping or ailerons never became common. Today's pilots prefer the freedom of controlling the rudder separately. Most planes now have a wheel to operate the ailerons when the pilot turns it. Pushing or pulling the wheel fore and aft operates the elevators, causing the plane to go up or down. Rudders are worked with

a pedal for each foot. This requires the pilot to use the correct amount of wheel for banking along with the proper amount of pedal-push for turning when he changes course or circles.

The Wrights called their plane the "Flyer," the same name as the bicycles they made. When the "Flyer" was finished, it was sent by train from Ohio to Kitty Hawk.

Its double wings stretched over 40 feet from tip to tip, and it was just over 21 feet long. It weighed about 600 pounds and had cost around \$1,000.

In September, 1903, the Wrights arrived at the Kill Devil Hills. They found their camp damaged. Many problems with repairs and practice delayed them. The "Flyer" wasn't ready for testing until December 12th. Then, bad weather postponed the tests.

The weather cleared up by December 14th, and the "Flyer" was ready for its first test. A coin was flipped to see who would pilot it first, and Wilbur won the toss.

Only five people, beside the Wrights, were there to see the day's experiments end in failure. But flying wasn't an idea that these industrious brothers had devoted themselves to for only a day. It had been years, by this time, and they had faced failure many times before.

So, on December 17, 1903, just a week before Christmas, the seven men rolled the "Flyer" out of its hangar to try again. Since Wilbur had piloted it for the first test, it was Orville's turn. That morning, years of toil ended in success. On the first try, Orville piloted the airplane for a 12-second flight that was to influence the world forever.

The two brothers took turns for the four flights made that day, with Wilbur piloting the fourth and longest—57 seconds. He covered 852 feet.

Following their success, the Wright brothers returned to Dayton for Christmas. It was a merry Christmas for the Wrights, knowing that the age of the flying machine had come at last!

# Our Own Pages



32

## Moon

How big is the moon?  
Does anybody know? I do.  
It's as big as my fingernail.  
How far away is the moon?  
It's about three inches out my window.  
It looks like a piece of porcelain.  
I like the moon.

Gary Barkman, Age 9  
Greenville, N. Y.

## Hanukkah

Hanukkah, Oh, Hanukkah!  
What a happy night!  
Hanukkah, Oh, Hanukkah,  
With lights so bright.  
We celebrate with lights  
All eight nights.

Sara Miron, Age 8  
Arlington, Va.

## Night Bear

In the dark of night when all is still  
And I'm half-sleeping in my bed,  
It's good to know my teddy bear  
Is snuggling by my head.

Susan Freeman, Age 8  
Braintree, Mass.

Make your drawings with black pencil or crayon on white paper about eight by eleven inches. Print your name, age, street address, city, state, and zip code on the back. Enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that the stories, verses, or drawings are your very own—that the drawings have not been traced or copied from pictures, and that you have not read or heard the stories or poems anywhere else. Mail to Highlights for Children, Horsham, Pennsylvania 18431. No child's contribution will be paid for, or returned.

## Snow

I like to see the snow fall,  
I like to see it freeze.  
The snow falls so silently,  
Upon the dark, bare trees.  
  
Next morning, the sun shines,  
The snow glistens all the way  
From hill to hill and vale to vale,  
All through the cold, bright day.

Joanne Glau, Age 11  
Fort Dodge, Iowa

## Kittens Are Nice

Kittens are sweet, as sweet as can be.  
They curl up beside you, and go to sleep.  
They catch the mice, and they are out of the way.  
But when you have goldfish, the cat is in the way.  
There is water on the floor—  
splashing there and here.  
And then all of a sudden, the goldfish disappear!

Melissa Bradford, Age 7  
W. Jefferson, Ohio

## Numbers and Figures

The numbers and figures,  
Confused and undone,  
On my homework papers  
Mean math to someone.

There's timeses and tables  
And addition, too.  
My math is a mess,  
And it's quite hard to do.

The squirlies and squiggles  
Are all in a blob,  
But, boy, I am trying  
To do a good job!

Kay Murphy, Age 11  
Mt. Airy, N. C.

## Waterfalls

A waterfall is a very special thing,  
As it sings along  
In the morning breeze.  
  
Singing to everything  
All day long,  
It keeps on shouting  
Its endless song.

Connie Busboom, Age 13  
Omaha, Neb.

## Letters to the Editor

I like HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN and the "Goofus and Gallant" article. But in one issue you put that Gallant gets up happy when he is hurt but Goofus gets up mad. Everybody I know gets up mad when they get hurt.

Carl Branstetter

even made the "tunnel of terror." We used the pumpkin box idea on page 40, too.

Carol Carmignani  
Albuquerque, N.M.

We have had letters from other children who told us that they used "Eighth Street Halloween" as a suggestion for Halloween fun. We are pleased so many found the story interesting and helpful.

—The Editor

My school has a Pollution Club. I know we probably can't stop pollution. But it is worth trying. Maybe some children who read HIGHLIGHTS might start one themselves.

This is the pledge of the Pollution Club. It was written by Denise Frye.

I'd like to thank you for the wonderful gifts. If you're wondering what gifts I'm talking about, it's the HIGHLIGHTS books (magazines) you've been sending us. They are a great help around the seasons. The October 1971 book gave us a great idea for a Halloween party ("Eighth Street Halloween"). We

"We, the children of the Pollution Club, will do everything we can do to get rid of pollution. We will pick up paper, bottles, trash, and do everything we can do. We will have fun and we will work to

gether. We will work hard on what we are doing. We will work together to vote fairly for leaders. We will not cheat. We will do projects for fun and for work."

Sally Bubb  
Muncy, Pa.

While it is true that no one effort is going to stop pollution completely, if every person tries as hard as you have, we certainly will be able to do a great deal to make this world a better place in which to live.

Thank you for telling us about your club. It sounds like a very good idea for all children.

—The Editor

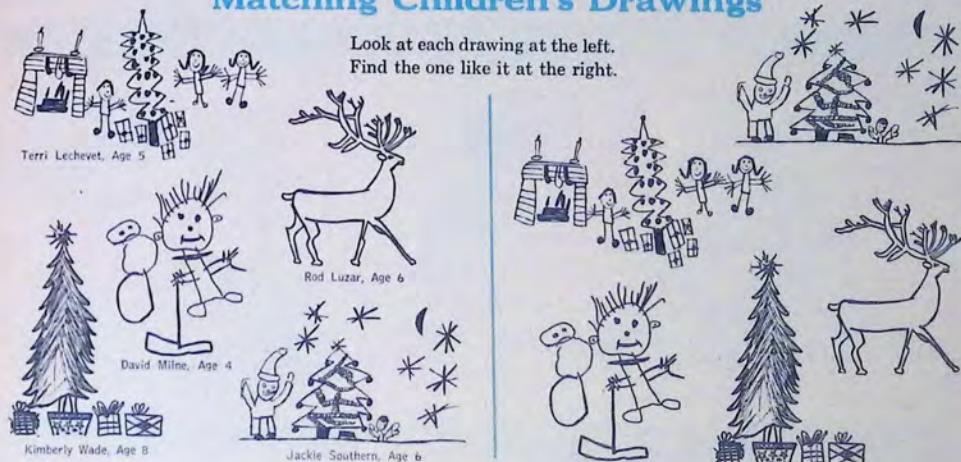
I am the editor of a magazine, too. I have a problem. I have four people who work for me. I can't start this year's magazine until I have some reports. My reporters don't get anything done. What shall I do?

Steven Gravitz  
Trumbull, Conn.

It often happens that a leader of a group is not able to get his people under him to work hard. I think you will either have to give up the idea of having a magazine or find reporters who will be glad to help.

—The Editor

## Matching Children's Drawings



7

33

# Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers  
Pictures by Marion Hull Hammel



"I just found it that way, Mother."



"I broke it, Mother. I'm sorry."



"I tried to see how it works."



"I'll tell Dad where his razor is."



"Let's see what it is."



"Let's wait till Mother opens it."

★ Seeing Goofus' bad behavior leads children to want to be like Gallant.

34

## Jokes

Selected by Children  
Seven to Twelve Years of Age

An actor seeking a job said to the producer, "I do bird imitations." The producer answered, "I've had hundreds of bird imitators. I don't need you."

"Well then, I may as well leave," said the actor as he jumped out the window and flew away.

Tim Ray—Illinois

Sue: "I got the highest mark in my class on the test today."

Bob: "What was the test on?"

Sue: "State capitals. I was the only one who knew the capital of North Carolina."

Bob: "Really?"

Sue: "No, Raleigh."

Paul Dodick—New York

Ted: "My dad has George Washington's watch."

Ned: "Oh, that's nothing, my dad has Adam's apple."

Candace Sheneman—Oklahoma

Zeke: "Do you know where Moscow is?"

Clem: "Not exactly. But it ought to be somewhere near Pa's cow."

Lisa Turcik—Pennsylvania

Sheryl: "Our new next-door neighbors must be very poor."

Karen: "Why do you say that?"

Sheryl: "You should have heard the big fuss when their baby swallowed a penny."

Terri Di Malo—Louisiana

Mark: "If a dog ate your book, what would you do?"

Jim: "I'd take the words right out of his mouth."

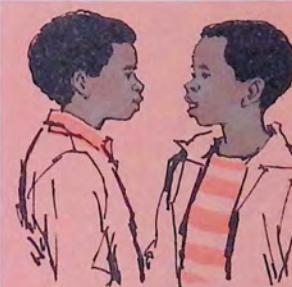
Donna Cricchillo—New York

Send us the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard with your name, age, and home address. If we think it good enough, we might print it in HIGHLIGHTS. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pa. 18431

★ To provide enjoyment and laughter.



"Get your clothes off. It's bath time."



"My, you can play so many new games well. I can't, and feel lonely when all the other kids are playing and I am left out."

"I had that trouble when I started school. I was afraid to get into a game I didn't know because the others might laugh at my mistakes. One day I decided to try any new game. I kept trying. It worked."

"Do you think it would work for me?"



### Mixed-up Story

Which happened first?  
Next? Next? Next?  
Which happened last?

35



## Benji's Bag of Surprises

By Sandra Fenichel Asher

With the first snow, everyone started chattering about Christmas: trees and carols and stockings hung by the fire. Benji felt left out. Glumly, he shuffled home from school.

"Why don't we celebrate Christmas?" he asked his mother.

"Because we're Jewish," she explained. "But anyone can share in the joy of a happy holiday. The more sharing, the more fun everyone has. Why don't you surprise your class with a winter holiday of ours to enjoy?"

"I'd like that," Benji said.

So he and his mother packed a big paper bag full of surprises to take to school the next day.

"What's in the bag, Benji?" asked his classmates.

"Surprises," answered Benji.

"Tell us!" they pleaded.

"I'll give you a hint. There's a story, a song, a game, and a holiday."

Everyone was puzzled but very excited. Benji gave his bag of surprises to Mrs. Reed, his teacher. He whispered to her to explain what he

and his mother were up to. The other children gathered around and begged to be let in on the secret.

First, Mrs. Reed pulled a book out of the bag.

"It's the story!" everyone cried.

Sure enough, Mrs. Reed read to them about how, very long ago, the Syrians had attacked the Jews and how the small but brave band of Jews, led by Judas Maccabee, had driven them away. Then she read about the light in the Temple which was always supposed to be lit but had only enough oil for one day because of the war. By a miracle the

light burned for eight days until the Jews could get more oil.

"That's why Hanukkah candles are lit every day for eight days," said Mrs. Reed.

"What's Hanukkah?" asked the children.

"A Jewish holiday," Benji told them. "Its other name is The Festival of Lights because of the candles we light at home."

"A story and a holiday!" exclaimed the class. "What about the song and the game you promised?"

Mrs. Reed struck a chord on the piano. "Here's the new song," she announced.

My dreidel, my dreidel,  
I made it out of clay.  
And when it is all finished,  
Then dreidel I will play.

"What's a dreidel?" everyone wanted to know.

Benji took four small spinning tops and a big bag of filbert nuts out of his bag of surprises.

"These tops are dreidels," he said. "They're part of a Hanukkah game. The four sides have Hebrew letters on them. I'll tell you what they mean in English soon."



light burned for eight days until the Jews could get more oil.

"That's why Hanukkah candles are lit every day for eight days," said Mrs. Reed.

"What's Hanukkah?" asked the children.

"A Jewish holiday," Benji told them. "Its other name is The Festival of Lights because of the candles we light at home."

"A story and a holiday!" exclaimed the class. "What about the song and the game you promised?"

Mrs. Reed struck a chord on the piano. "Here's the new song," she announced.

My dreidel, my dreidel,  
I made it out of clay.  
And when it is all finished,  
Then dreidel I will play.

"What's a dreidel?" everyone wanted to know.

Benji took four small spinning tops and a big bag of filbert nuts out of his bag of surprises.

"These tops are dreidels," he said. "They're part of a Hanukkah game. The four sides have Hebrew letters on them. I'll tell you what they mean in English soon."



Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

After the class had learned the dreidel song, each person took a handful of nuts and the class was divided into four groups. Benji gave each group a dreidel.

"The game! The game!" everyone shouted happily.

"You've got to learn the rules," Benji said. "We each put one nut in the kitty. Then we take turns spinning the dreidel. If it lands with the letter *nun* showing, you do nothing. If it lands on *sheen*, you put one nut in the kitty. On *hai*, you take half the kitty. On *gimmel*, you take the whole pile. The first person to get all the nuts wins the game."

With giggles and groans and snatches of the dreidel song, the game began. Everyone loved it. The class had so much fun, they thanked Benji over and over again for sharing his holiday with them. His bag of surprises was empty, but his heart was full of joy.



## Riddles

Selected by Children  
Seven to Twelve Years of Age

1. What is behind every gold star?  
Linda Hollian—Illinois

2. When you lose something, why do you always find it in the last place you look?  
Deborah Martine—New York

3. What is the difference between a piano and a fish?  
Mylene Friendlander—Maryland

4. What kind of bow cannot be tied?  
Mark Swantek—Michigan

5. How do you remove varnish?  
Dollie Denne—Minnesota

6. What did the glove say to the hand?  
Kimberly Wilkins—Virginia

7. Did you ever hear about the man who bought a new pair of snow tires?  
Brian DuBuis—Michigan

8. Why does it take five people to make popcorn?  
Linda Golkiewicz—New York

9. How should you treat a baby goat?  
Helen Mandelbaum—New York

10. What has two humps and is found in Alaska?  
Cari Otto—Washington

11. What tree does everyone carry in his hand?  
Maria Jackson—Oregon

Answers:  
1. A palm.  
2. Because you stop looking for it.  
3. You can't plan but you can't plan to shelter the tree.  
4. A rabbit.  
5. Take out the R and make it a rabbit.  
6. I've got you covered.  
7. They melted before he got home.  
8. Like a kid.  
9. Like a kid.  
10. A loss.

## Moving?

Be sure to send both your new and old address (the old mailing label if possible) to *Highlights for Children*, P.O. Box 269, Columbus, Ohio 43216, at least six (6) weeks before you move so that you won't miss an issue.

## For the Holidays



### Three-dimensional Card

By James W. Perrin, Jr.

Cut a Christmas-tree shape from the lid of a small white gift box. If the box is not white, paint it with white tempera. Glue green paper to the bottom of the inside of the box. Glue red strips of paper on the green paper. Glue the lid on the box. Outline the tree with green yarn. Write a greeting on the lid with crayon or marker. Glue the box to a piece of green construction paper that is larger than the box. Trim construction paper and edge of lid with bright yarn.

★

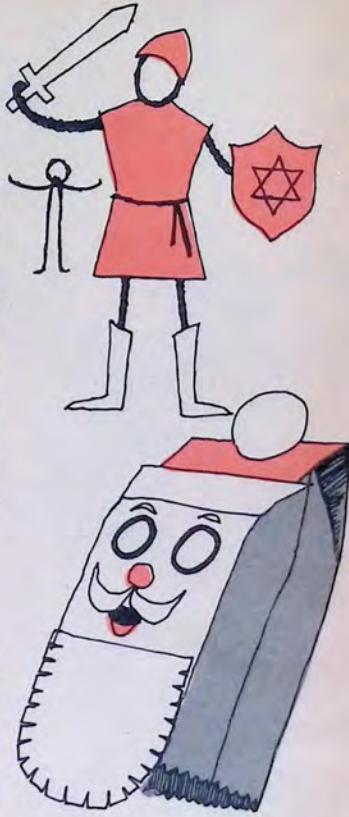
Decorations to make for the holiday season.

### Maccabee Dolls

By Joy F. Moss

You may want to put several dolls around the menorah as a centerpiece for the table. Or one doll can be taped onto a place card for each guest at a Hanukkah party.

Make a loop about the size of a dime in the center of one pipe cleaner. Bend another in half and insert it through the loop of the first one. Twist these to make the head, arms, and legs. Out of cardboard, cut a tiny sword to put in one hand and a shield with the Star of David to be taped to the other hand. For the tunic, fold a 4-by-2-inch piece of cloth or tissue in half, cut a small hole at the center of the fold, and put the head through the hole. Use a piece of yarn or string for a sash. Cut a helmet and boots out of yellow paper and tape onto the doll.



### Santa Claus Mask

By Ruth Dougherty

Select a paper bag to fit over the head. From white paper, cut out a fringed beard, hat band, pompon, and moustache. Cut out a red paper nose and mouth. Paste these in place on the paper bag.

With crayon, color the top of the hat, and draw eyes and brows. Cut out the eyes to see through.



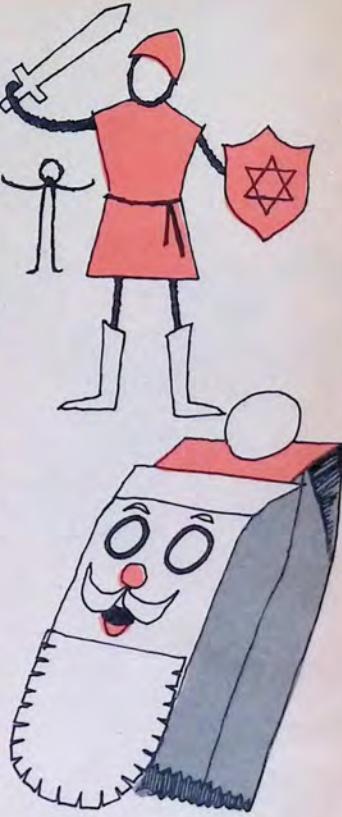
### A Christmas Bouquet

By Letha K. Smith

Attach eight small Christmas-tree balls to the ends of colored pipe cleaners by twisting them.

Stick the pipe cleaners and some sprigs of evergreen into a clay ball. Then press the clay into the bottom of a small jar.

Place the jar in the middle of a 10-inch square of colored cellophane. Gather the cellophane up around the jar, and hold it in place with a rubber band. Fluff out.



### Christmas Corsages

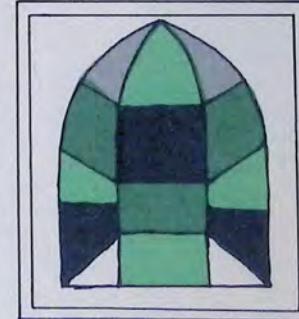
By Blanche B. Mitchell

For the corsage, use silver ribbon with contrasting bow and wings. Cover three well-shaped peanuts with gold paint to form the heads. Glue on blue sequins for eyes, and red sequins for mouths. Arrange Christmas "angel hair" around the top and back of the heads. Shape wings of blue ribbon and glue to the backs of the heads. Point silver ribbon and catch together in the shape of a star. Add a blue bow sparkled with imitation jewels. Glue or sew the angels to the star. If preferred, six heads may be used—one for each point of the star, and one for the center.

Santa's face is one-half of a walnut shell. Paint cheeks and mouth with red poster paint. Paint a small button red for the nose. Glue it firmly to the face. Use blue sequins for the eyes. For the moustache, fringe white satin ribbon, draw it together, and glue in place just above the mouth. Make the hair and

beard from narrow lengths of white satin ribbon. Trim the red ribbon cap with a band of white velvet ribbon dotted with imitation jewels. Glue the finished head to a circle of green felt. Sew a cluster of bright ribbon at the top of the circle.

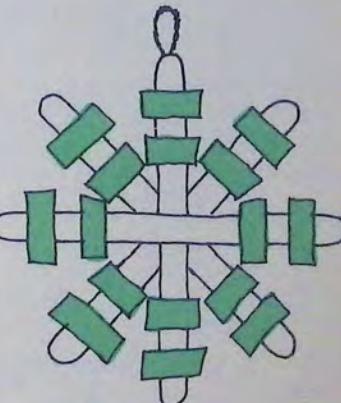
Trim gift packages with these corsages. They can be worn later. Or use them for tree decorations or party favors.



### Snowflake Tree Ornament

By Dorothy L. Getchell

For each ornament paint four Popsicle sticks. When dry, glue together as shown. Weight down to dry. Cut tiny felt or bright paper rectangles and glue in place. Glue on sequins or glitter and a loop of string for hanging.



gold circles to complete the design.

The stained glass window should be penciled in first and the ribbon pieces cut from a variety of colors. When the glue is dry, outline each piece with black marker.





## Headwork

Does a cat sleep?

Which is softer, an apple or a nut?

Do you like watermelon?

Which has a sharper point, a needle or a lead pencil?

Do you have hair on the back of your hand?

Are you your mother's daughter or your mother's son?

"You have been biting your fingernails," Tammy's mother said to her. She had not seen Tammy bite her nails. How could she know?

When a young child walks beside his dad, why does he take more steps than his dad does?

Would you rather eat meat that is cooked or meat that is raw?

Do you more often see glasses on grown people or on little children?

Which would take longer to pick, a gallon pail of apples or a gallon pail of cherries?

Is it usually warmer outdoors at noon or at midnight?

Which can buy more, five pennies or a dime?

Is it better to brush your teeth after breakfast or before breakfast?

Does the short hand or the long hand of a clock move faster?

Did you ever touch a dog's nose? What did you learn?

When is snow more nearly white and clean, just after it has fallen or several days later?

As Roy was sawing a piece from an old board, he suddenly stopped and said, "I hit a nail." How could he know he had?

If you were a kindergarten teacher and had to walk twenty children around the block, what might you do to keep these children together?

"Who knocked the icicles from the house today?" asked Mr. Tolley on returning from work. How did he know someone had knocked down the icicles?

Name the most interesting book you have ever read.

Does a ball bounce more in golf or in handball? In basketball or in baseball? In football or in volleyball?

One morning Mr. Kilgore received a letter from a person he did not know. It said, "I think the enclosed keys belong to you." Why did the person think so?

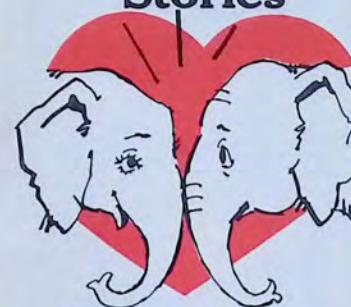
## Parents! Important Notice

Would you like to tell others about HIGHLIGHTS? You can earn a substantial (full- or part-time) income for your service while meeting new friends and enjoying limited travel within your local area. HIGHLIGHTS needs Community Representatives in some areas to visit parents and describe HIGHLIGHTS' benefits. Age is no barrier—maturity and experience with children are assets. Sales materials supplied at no charge and training assistance provided. If you have a car available, and full-time or substantial part-time hours available, write: Roland S. DeMott, Vice President, Representative Sales, Highlights for Children, Dept. A, 2300 W. Fifth Avenue, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Ask for the free Highlights Sales Opportunity Booklet.



Our Own Stories



Fred the Elephant

Fred the elephant was a very sad elephant. He was the only elephant that didn't have any brothers or sisters. He didn't have any parents. They got killed in an accident. His last name happened to be Thumpery. He was the last of the Thumpers.

It was around Christmas time and all the other elephants were getting ready to go to their relatives' homes. There was one girl elephant on the other side of town that was the last of the Thudvers that had the same problem. The girl elephant's name was Disa. After everyone had gone to their relatives, Fred was very gloomy and took a walk to the other side of town. And while he was starting to the other side of town, the girl elephant decided to do the same. They were coming toward each other. Fred was walking, looking at the ground. After they were walking awhile they bumped into each other. "Ouch," said Fred. "Excuse me," said Disa. "What is your name?" said Fred. "Disa," said Disa. It was love at first sight.

In about a year they got married and ever since that day, Fred had many relatives and they lived happily ever after.

John Holtum, Age 9  
Port Angeles, Wash.

## My Unusual Horse

I once had a horse whose name was Sike. He liked me so much that he wanted to tell me all about himself. There was only one thing wrong. Horses can't talk. That night he wished that he could talk. The next day when I went in to feed him he said, "Hello." I thought it was my brother playing a trick on me, but then I noticed it was Sike. Sike talked to me each day, but then one morning when I went to see him he didn't answer. Later I found out my father sold him for a high price.

Diane Radin, Age 10  
Norwood, Mass.

## The Big Snowstorm

Lansing just went through the deepest snowstorm in its history. Nobody could go to work the first day of the storm. The colleges at M.S.U. were closed. The snowplows even got stuck. There was a new car that got stuck in a Chicago airport. It sank 10 feet into the snow. The first day of the snowstorm we had 12 inches. The second day we had 24 inches. We had 36 inches altogether. Men and women had to shovel through 36 inches to clear their driveways and sidewalks. It was a terrible snowstorm. And boys about eight and nine had to shovel walks, too. But the younger children had lots of fun playing in the snow.

Joey Drew, Age 7  
Lansing, Mich.



Finding Food

The guinea pig and the mouse were best friends. One day they went for a walk. In the snow, it was hard to find something to eat because all the food was under the snow. They had to dig holes in the snow to find food to eat. Sometimes they put food into holes and they stored it there, so when the snow comes they will uncover the food. Then they can eat it so they won't die.

William Koch, Age 6  
Livonia, Mich.

## The Story of the Missing Pockets

This is a true story. One day I was walking home from school with my younger sister, who was in kindergarten at that time. Darlene seemed worried and confused about something. I asked her what was the matter. Darlene said in a worried voice that she lost her pockets on her raincoat, or maybe even someone had stolen them.

I asked her what made her think that. Darlene said that when she went to put her schoolwork papers in her pockets, she couldn't find the pockets and she began to worry. She said the pockets were in the raincoat when she put it on to go to school that morning. So I began to look at her raincoat to find her pockets.

Darlene was very relieved when I found them. She had her raincoat on inside-out and didn't know it.

Nadine Fontaine, Age 11  
Belle River, Ontario, Canada

Good-bye!



until next month

**Purchased, Scanned and  
Uploaded by:**

**Lost Library  
of the  
Atypical  
and  
Unobtainable**

**Send requests and  
appreciation to:**

**[www.patreon.com/LLAU](https://www.patreon.com/LLAU)  
Other social media  
COMING SOON**